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Guarantees of Peace

V—A Safeguarded France

France bore the brunt of the German attack. Her organized military strength saved Europe and civilization. In 1914 and 1915 she had the only army capable of making head against the Germans. The world in general has recognized the greatness of France's services and sacrifices. At the peace conference, however, there has been an unfortunate disposition to undervalue them.

The survival of the new order in Europe depends largely on the position in which the peace treaty leaves France. Is she to be properly reimbursed and strengthened? Or is she to be left a prey to that sense of insecurity which haunted her from 1871 to 1918?

France lost more than 1,500,000 men killed in action or died of wounds. She has acquired Alsace-Lorraine, with only 1,800,000 inhabitants. Her population, even with this accession, is probably less than it was in 1914. Her richest industrial departments have been ravaged. It will take her years to rehabilitate her northern manufacturing and mining districts. France also needs a secure eastern military frontier. Yet an unreasonable opposition has been made in the conference both to granting her adequate financial reparation and to allowing her to hold and develop the Rhine Valley as a barrier against still another Teuton onslaught like that of 1870 or 1914.

The French people are going to be greatly disappointed by the vague provisions of the reparation scheme, said to have been approved by the council of four. What Germany will pay under the treaty no one knows. The only tangible indemnity in sight amounts to $5,000,000,000, and out of this is to be taken the cost of the military occupation of the Rhine district and of the supplies of food to be furnished to the Germans. The balance of the indemnity is to be left to future determination. Its collection, when fixed, will depend on the problematic functioning of the society of nations. If Germany should try to evade payment, action to compel payment could be blocked by a single member of the society.

France is therefore likely to be left for a long period in the position of an unsatisfied creditor. She will be weighed down by debt. Her resources will be less than they were before the war. For that reason the equity of liberal territorial compensation is all the more indisputable. There has been a long dispute over giving France some proprietary rights in the Saar Valley. The Saar Valley contains coal mines. The Germans destroyed the French coal mines in the Lens district. Common justice requires a transfer of the Saar Valley coal mines to the French. And if the coal mines go the whole district ought to go with them. It would constitute a very small instalment of Germany's debt to France.

Nothing but trouble is invited by the reported scheme to give the French political control of the Saar district for fifteen years, pending a plebiscite. Such a proceeding would keep alive a local war between the French and German elements and might lead eventually to war between France and Germany. The transaction, whatever its character, ought to be closed at once.

France is entitled to all the military protection she feels she needs in the German territory west of the Rhine. The French do not want to annex the Prussian Rhine province or the Bavarian Palatinate. But they do want to be able to prevent this territory—and a considerable strip east of the Rhine—from being used as a zone of concentration for a German offensive against France or Belgium. Whether a Rhine republic is set up or Prussian title is acknowledged under an Allied occupation is immaterial. With fortifications demolished, the Rhine itself internationalized and French military necessities recognized, France could at last think her own eastern boundary secure.

Recently dispatches from Paris have been suggesting that France is to be appeased with informal promises of American aid in case she is threatened or attacked by Germany. These promises, if made by the President alone, will lack validity. They will not bind the United States unless they are included in the treaty and are approved by the Senate. America is a long way off. It took us two years and a half to get into the world war and another year to send 1,000,000 men to France.

French security should rest on actualities, not verbal assurances. To be real it must be based on military and semi-political control of the Rhine Valley. Any peace settlement which falls short of guaranteeing such control will cripple France, and to that extent will be a menace to the preservation of peace and order in Europe.

Perhaps a League

The reparation article of the peace treaty, as published in a dispatch to *The World*, declares that the "Allied and associated" governments, through a joint commission, shall ascertain and declare, on or before May 21, 1921, the amount due from Germany. Then the article goes on to say:

> "The commission shall concurrently draw up a schedule of payments, prescribing the time and manner for securing and discharging the entire obligation within a period of thirty years from May 1, 1921. In the event, however, that within the period mentioned Germany (the enemy states) shall have failed to discharge her obligation, then the balance remaining unpaid may within the discretion of the commission be postponed for settlement in subsequent years or may be handled otherwise in such manner as the Allied and associated governments, acting through the commission, shall determine."

Thus the international posse which has rounded up Germany is not wholly to dissolve. It is to be maintained for thirty years, perhaps longer, as a collection agency. One kind of alliance will thus continue.

If collection is to be assured, the collecting agency must be equipped with power. There is but one kind of international power—that which inheres in armies and fleets. Germany will seek to wriggle out of payment. She will repudiate the obligation if she can. To provide against default the "Allied and associated" governments must be able and willing to coerce, and an agreement to concert together and to make common cause in a specified or implied contingency—what is this if not an alliance?

The reparation article is in some degree akin to a real league of peace as distinguished from a bogus league. The "Allied and associated" nations," dealing with practical matters, do not trust to the bulls of the council created by the Smuts-Wilson covenant. They safeguard their interests in the old-fashioned way. The reparation commission may become the arm of the world's desire for enforced order.

The principle of a preponderant power is seemingly assumed. This preponderant power consists of the five great nations which have made common cause and have a joint interest in an orderly Germany. Should Germany break out again or engineer a coalition foreshadowing repudiation, then the debt collectors may collaborate against impairment of the property which secures the debt or against any scheme which jeopardizes the sum still due.

It has seemed to many that the only practical way to have a league of peace worth anything is to perpetuate the alliance which now exists. If the reparation article goes through as now written there is a perpetuation of the alliance for at least one purpose; and this one purpose may so ramify as to include practically all purposes. Maybe the world will yet have a league to enforce peace—a natural and common sense league which will not lose its headway in a sea of words.

The B. R. T. Mediation

Despite insistent demands for an immediate strike, James H. Vahey, Patrick J. O'Brien and the other officers of the Amalgamated Association of Street and Electric Railway Employes seem to have led the men and women of the B. R. T. into paths that promise, without a strike, the attainment of the relief sought.

The labor history of the B. R. T. is familiar. For many years the company, in the most arbitrary fashion, denied to its employes any right to organize. The war changed this and the company became open shop, with no discrimination either for or against unionists. Receiver Garrison continued this policy in good faith, and something like 40 per cent of the employes, it is said, have elected to become unionists.

Then occurred what usually happens with new unionists. It seemed to a large percentage of them that the union would fail to function properly unless there was a walkout. Radicals, as usual more vocal, assumed leadership, and it looked as if the public was to suffer the horrors of a traction tie-up and the employes to suffer the loss incident to industrial trouble.

The situation has been saved by the common sense of the experienced national leaders of the Amalgamated Association and the tactful influence of Judge Mayer of the Federal Court. The question of union recognition, that cape of storm and trouble, seems to have been successfully rounded. The men and women of the system are to do as they like about joining the union, organized and unorganized are each to have access to the management, and the company indicates its willingness to equalize labor and labor conditions.

Many employers, while willing to treat with their own employes, strenuously object to what they call intruders; namely, the national officers of the union to which their employes belong. Yet, as in the present instance, the national officers are often more cool and practical than their locals. Organized labor is more and more captained by intelligence, by men with minds broadened by experience and a livelier sense of responsibility. Other factors being equal, the judgment of the so-called outsider is likely to be saner than that of a hot-head insider. The number of strikes averted through the mediation of the national labor organizations is large. Here is a fact all large employers may well take into account.

By first securing a submission of the controversy to Judge Mayer, with reliance in his justice, the Amalgamated officers have shown a most commendable spirit, and the result is likely to show they have chosen the way not only to serve the B. R. T. employes but also the public, and incidentally the stockholders of the bankrupt company. By so doing they have lifted anxiety from Brooklyn and have displayed courageous and intelligent leadership.

Honor Rooted in Dishonor

That is a sensible position which the German Foreign Minister takes in an interview with a correspondent of the *Neue Freie Presse*, of Vienna. He deprecates the policy of trying to play off one Entente power against another. He would have the German peace delegates "frankly and honestly" abjure petty intrigue, endeavor to show the justice of the German position and thus, "with a certain amount of good will," establish "an honorable understanding."

If words could be taken at their face value, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau could be assured of universal approval. Frankness and honesty are qualities greatly to be desired in signing terms of peace. But the Allies, taught by bitter experience, hardly can be blamed if they do not like the security. They would rather have first some convincing evidence that the German delegates have learned what it is to be frank and honest. They would like to hear some acknowledgment from the German people of sorrow and repentance for the past. The count and his friends should seek to purge themselves of suspicion of dishonorable motives before they talk about an honorable understanding.

Constant Mr. Taft

One of the most engaging qualities of Mr. Taft is his willingness to oblige. This is shown by the amiable indorsement, cabled by him to Paris, of the latest version of the covenant, particularly its left-handed and doubtful recognition of the Monroe Doctrine. "Monroe clause eminently satisfactory," wires the former President.

Three years ago Mr. Taft took a foremost part in organizing the League to Enforce Peace. The notable thing about the title, as Mr. Taft often pointed out, was the word next to the last. He wanted no merely nominal league of peace. He was sick and tired of vacuity clothed in words. He was opposed to another Hague agreement, whose valuelessness had been abundantly shown—thought spreading false hopes was harmful. No more fooling with pious resolutions, he said. He sought a league to enforce peace, with the accent on the infinitive.

Addressing the convention of the league on May 18 last, he declared that "the nations must bind themselves to a common obligation for the future and suppress war." He called for "an international police force to stamp out the beginning of every riot of world violence."

But it did not please President Wilson to follow the course charted by Mr. Taft. Leon Bourgeois, of France, with the cordial support of Premier Clemenceau, labored for a binding obligation to suppress war, and moved to establish an international police force to give the obligation vitality.

But the President would not have this. He was unwilling last week to consent to even the creation of a general staff to prepare plans over against a day of need and to exert itself to make weapons and ammunition interchangeable.

The covenant does not bind any nation to anything. Mr. Taft so testifies. No action can occur without common consent; that is to say, the covenant would not function unless there is preëxistent such unanimity as to make coercion superfluous.

Yet no sooner were his nostrils saluted by this odorless bouquet than Mr. Taft declared he liked it. The covenant was "eminently satisfactory." He accepted it as old man Jucklin did the Bible, "from kiver to kiver." He would not gild refined gold. The men who asked for amendments impiously blasphemed. With respect to the Monroe Doctrine, he said it was archaic, argued it was time to give it up. He smiled approval when the men who had suggested revision were attacked as of "pygmy minds."

And now, the wind having shifted, it develops that Mr. Taft, together with A. Lawrence Lowell, telegraphed to Paris on April 12 that amendment of the covenant was indispensable; that it was necessary to insert a sop to quiet upholders of the Monroe Doctrine.

Senator Lodge surely has no reason to complain of the result of matching his "pygmy" mind against the intellect of President Lowell. Argument, it is said, seldom convinces an opponent, but there are exceptions to the rule. A reversal having come, Mr. Taft once more is highly delighted. "Just the thing," he chortles, "that I wanted all along." The view-halloo is indeed excellent sport, provided one can keep the doubling rabbit in sight.

Mrs. Micawber did not conceal the fact that she never would desert Mr. Micawber. With respect to the covenant our much revered ex-President avouches a similar constancy. Be it much or be it little, be it flesh or fish, be it partridge or crow, be it peacemaker or war-inciter, Mr. Taft, though at times he may be breathless from speedy changes, purposes not to waver nor falter in his grip on the coattails of the instrument.

The Conning Tower

MEN, AND THE MATERNAL INSTINCT

It was at least a dozen years before the war
When guns were not the ordinary things
They have become of late.
And killing people, whether by mistake
Or for a worthy cause, was not much done;
At any rate, there was a man in those days;
and this man
Was a hunter.
He always seemed to have a gun about him, even when
He came for meals into the dining room of that old Inn
Where Flo and I
Spent many happy days, the wildest kids and freest.
Thanks to our blessed mothers,
That ever squandered gloriously together
A golden childhood.
Flo was the daughter of the dear and fussy old proprietor,
And I was just the youngest and most troublesome
Member of one of many families
That used to week-end there
All through the season for the winter sports.
Somehow or other
I used to manage to stay overtime
And spend whole happy weeks in that wild place,
With Flo, exploring all the countryside
In winter, summer, spring, and golden fall.
I don't remember when we went to school, but I suppose we did.
At any rate, this man, I think his name was Tom,
Was often there when other guests had gone;
And he seemed always sad and always solemn,
While Flo and I just effervesced with fun, and foolishness.
And couldn't understand this quiet, lonely man.
It's said a woman always loves the most
That which she does not understand;
This may be true or not, but one thing is:
We loved that man a lot, and when we heard his tale—
Though not from him—(he scarcely spoke a word to any one)
Why, then we loved him more.
Once, when he was hiding in the woods,
Watching a nearby clump of scrubby trees
For a young deer long coveted by him,
A bush near by moved with a crackling sound,
And he fired;
Then, in the stillness following, he found there what had been
A little, white-haired woman
Who, perhaps, had lost her way while trudging to her home
Among the hills, and rested there awhile.
When Flo and I heard this about our friend
We loved him more than ever, and we grew
A little more unselfish day by day.
We had to find some way to show the adoration that we felt,—
And so we gave up for a time
Our daily thrilling sports of digging worms,
(Flo always had to put them on the hook!)
Catching and cleaning sunfish, even cooking them;
Making real pipes of acorns and dried straw,
And smoking them with cornsilk stuffed inside;
Imperilling the woods for miles around, by making bonfires
On which to roast stolen potatoes, or perhaps,
If we were rich, marshmallows purchased at the village store
Four miles away.
These thrills and more we sternly put aside, and bent our thoughts
And most tremendous energies entirely
To the work-in-hand of finding ways
To comfort that sad heart, and to express
The surging mother love within our own.
For we had outgrown dolls
About that time.
I don't suppose that Tom
Knew or much cared just how he came to have
Each night for supper in that lonely room—
Full of deserted tables and the moving shadows
Made by a wood fire on the hearth
A plate piled high with piping, buttered toast
Done to a golden turn.
When he came in to eat we'd scamper from the scene
So quickly that we'd often leave
Our toasters there beside the open fire;
But he, alas, would sit oblivious,
And notice nothing.
Sometimes we would steal radishes from the garden,
And cut them fancywise for his enjoyment;
Often we would go a long way to find flowers for his table.
And with Sumach, Goldenrod and Autumn leaves
The whole room would grow bright and happified;
Likewise our young hearts.
That was at least a dozen years ago.
Flo has her husband and two other babies, but
We're the same geese we always were (see Barrie),
The ways we've tried to find
For cheering soldiers up, when they come back
With sadness in their eyes,
Are just about as strange and numerous
And ineffective as they used to be;
And the dear boys look kindly tolerant
And think within themselves: "These foolish dames
Mean well, no doubt, but gosh, I wish they'd just
Let us alone."

Is that the way men always feel?
And do they *always* dislike
Mothering?

SILVANIA

Our school physiologies, as we recall them, contained a considerable amount of prohibition propaganda; but our school readers must have been written by the Liquor Interests. We distinctly remember the story of the boy who died from drinking cold water when he was hot.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS

April 16—Rain all this day, which depressed me greatly, but I laboured through my stint, and then to M. Glass's, and read to my wife from Kin Hubbard's book, albeit I had read it to her ten years ago; but the sharpness of its humour no duller with the passing of time.

17—To the city early, and for luncheon with Misses E. Bugbee, E. Toms, and C. Valleau; and G. Allvine came later, and we two did shoot craps, a pleasant diversion, and I won $1.10, yet would the ladies not let me pay for their luncheon, such is the pride of economic independents. At night to a dinner N. Shreve gave, and thereafter to the Midnight Frolic, where I found Miss Fanny Brice comickall, but Bert Williams less so than ever I had seen him; which I think is because of the fact he is in a noisy surrounding, when he should be in a quiet one, so that his drolleries may be absorbed the better. Nor does he, of late years, get the material he merits. To my inn, and to bed, very late.

18—Up betimes, and to my office where all day, in low spirits.

It's a curious country. The woman who thinks you are No Gentleman when you don't remove your hat in an elevator also thinks, if you offer to carry a heavy bag for her,—a service she would pay 25c for,—you are No Gentleman.

"April showers," lastlines Nate Salsbury in the Chicago Evening Post, "bring comments from paragraphers."

Is that so? F. P. A.

Raymond Robins

Practical Reformer

By Stanley Frost

Who reported the Overman Committee hearings for The Tribune

"CALL Raymond Robins," was so insistently demanded of the Overman committee from the time it began its inquiry into Bolshevism that it became a byword around the committee room. Always the plea came from the radicals. Bolsheviste, pro-Bolshevists, radicals and "liberals" spoke, wrote and telegraphed their demands that the colonel be given a chance to tell the real truth about Bolshevism. Naturally the committee expected him to defend it to the last ditch.

Of course, he was called. He said on the stand that he had made no previous statement regarding conditions in Russia, and long before he finished it became evident that the radicals, at least, had no inkling of what his real opinions were, or they would never have named him. For this reformer, social worker and recognized liberal gave the most damaging testimony against Bolshevism, and delivered the most scathing and damnatory denunciation of it that the committee heard.

The last appearance of Colonel Robins on the big stage was in Chicago, in the dripping June days when the Progressive convention of 1916 was writhing and foaming in its death agonies. There he "keynoted" and then presided, smashing a couple of gavels, and finally swinging a four-pound steel sledge to keep in order the howling, distracted, undisciplined mob that that convention became when charges of treachery and counsels of desperation hurtled to and fro. And he kept order there, the sledge being backed by a tremendous personal force.

Eloquent and Compelling

Before the committee the scene was as different as possible, but his force was felt no less. There was an audience of five, and there was neither applause nor tumult. But in a quiet voice, and without oratorical effort, he was no less eloquent and no less compelling, so that the members of the committee, all orators of parts themselves, were fairly spellbound while he talked.

Colonel Robins—he gets the title for his Red Cross work in Russia—is a rather small man, dark, nervous, vivacious. His eyes light up as he talks, and he gives the effect of seeing life in deep perspective. He has been a miner, and his hands and shoulders show it in breadth and power, as his mind and sometimes his speech show the effect of his years of social settlement work in Chicago.

For he is no parlor reformer. He has been an out-of-doors man, fighting among men for the wealth he has won and used for man. His work has been a practical thing, not a dabbling with theories. He has been always out to get results. He has all the adventurous spirit of John Reed, with perhaps a calmer courage, and all the sympathy and devotion of Williams, but he backs up both with what he calls the "outdoor mind," which looks at facts first and insists on checking up figures.

No Rancor Toward Either Side

He was perhaps the only man before the committee who showed no rancor against those on either side in Russia, whose judgments of men were based always on charity. He had high praise for Lenine and almost as high for Korniloff. Almost every man who came into the testimony on either side had shown some good points to Mr. Robins, which he mentioned. And he made careful efforts to state both sides of every question—so much so that for a long time it seemed that he was apologizing for Bolshevism.

On actions his judgments were different, his denunciation of stupidity or lack of practicality was quick and sharp. And always his phrases were to be remembered; they smacked of the rougher places in American life far more than the parlor.

"I kept barking my shins on the Soviet," he remarked in telling how he had first made connections with them. "We cut our losses on the Kerensky government and went after the new deal," was his method of describing his course when Kerensky fell.

"There are sincere crazy men everywhere," summed up his opinion of many of the Bolshevist leaders. "It was like a furnace of forgery," he said, in describing the propaganda factory in Petrograd. "I could prove anything by all the forged documents you want."

A Practical Mind

But it was the practical quality of his mind that showed through all his testimony. He wanted to know the facts, and having found what seemed to be the fact—which was that the Bolshevik government would last for some time—he wanted immediate action on it, without wasting time in discussion of the merits of that government or its leaders. He was continually hatching schemes to make some use of them for the Allied cause.

"I wanted a demonstration," he said over and over again of some plan that had been balked by the distrust the Allied representatives had of the leaders. "Whether a few of us got killed was unimportant. We would have found out whether we could trust them or not. My own belief was that we could trust their self-interest, and use it." He dealt straight from the shoulder with these leaders and believed he could make them see their interests. He was asked whether this would not have helped to strengthen their government and thus have aided them in their campaign against all governments.

Playing the Radical Crowd

"Well," he replied, "Germany was between us and them. When a man is threatening to shoot me, and I'm five miles away, while my deadly enemy is only a hundred yards away and right in line, I'm willing to give him the gun if necessary. I wanted to beat Germany, and they were where they would catch it first. Then we could take care of the other job."

"I paid more attention to the radical group than to the others, because it was the group I expected to deal with," he explained. "I did not have any too much time and spent it where it would be most useful. That is, I doped out that the old order was gone and played it straight." He pointed out that events had proved his "dope" right.

He showed the utmost contempt for the men who used ideas of which they could not understand the meaning—particularly of those who preached revolution, and were horrified when revolution came. He explained that revolution is not pretty; he admitted the atrocities and explained the Russian psychology in its sudden release from czarism as a partial excuse, but he insisted that Bolshevism should not be condemned because of its excesses. He had a better reason—a reason that would apply to Bolshevism which was carried out with humanity, decency and kindness.

A Fundamental Menace

"Is there a menace in Russian Bolshevism?" he asked. "A fundamental menace, gentlemen, in my judgment; a menace so much more farreaching, going so much deeper than has been suggested by its bitterest opponents, that I think it well that we should take high ground and really know the thing we deal with.

"For the first time in the history of the human race there has been a definite economic revolution—a socialist, class, materialist social control by force. I regard the Socialist programme as economically impossible and morally wrong. I regard it as carrying formulas beyond the range that formulas will produce. I think we had in Russia the most extraordinary laboratory revelation, if it had been left to work itself out, of the failure and the wrong of the situation that was humanly possible.

"I believe that its decree of workmen's control will destroy production in Russia; I believe that its class theory makes in the end for class terror and the destruction of life and people without regard for right. I believe that its materialist programme challenges the Christian conscience of the world.

"I believe that America alone can meet this challenge, because class control and the betrayal of great sanctions by class domination have broken the credit of every other nation in the world."

Bolshevism in America intrusted its cause to Robins for vindication. This is his judgment.

On the Soapbox

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am not one who would go out of the way to cry aloud for proletarian dictatorship, but when I read the maunderings of that passionate patriot Hornaday, I say, by all means rather a cycle of Lenine than a thousand years of Hornaday. If the American Defence Society wins the dictatorship, I'm searching for a foolproof retreat.

In the good old gentlemanly days of dueling the challenger gave the challenged the choice of weapons, but the Hornaday idea of chivalry is to disarm the humble adversary of his soapbox and then attack the defenceless foe with his own weapon. These American defenders are just full of cute thoughts, but the cutest of all is Mr. Hornaday's latest, to intern the commercial agent of the Russian Soviet.

Now, the Russian revolution may be the foolest of all fool human experiments. Its honest antagonists, like Robins and Colonel Thompson, however, admit that it believes itself to be one of the great events of history, while its friends maintain that, considering the stock and fixtures it took over from the old firm, it is a marvel of achievement. The cold facts, however, are that while we have never declared war on the Russian experimental government, our Allied troops have marched in and shot Russians down on their own soil. And for this Bolshevik atrocity the courageous spirit of Hornaday cries, "Intern Martens." Good idea. Perhaps the grateful administration, with a dearth of ideas of its own, will take the alleged $200,000,000 and give it to Hornaday's Defence Society to encourage high thinking.

The old regime in Russia sent to Siberia the Little Grandmother, Kropotkin and thousands like them. They slew and plundered and exiled, not sinners, but the righteous. Did the Hornaday crowd in this and other countries agitate to invade Russia and end the atrocities? Not much they didn't. They lent the old Russian government the money, the thought of which now keeps them awake nights. And now when this downtrodden and oppressed people, stumbling blindly toward a new and better day, send an agent here to procure the necessaries to get to work and buckle down to the hardest job ever undertaken in the courage of ignorance, sing ho for the brave lad Hornaday, the Great Goliath strutting out to make an end of all his and our enemies.

Mr. Editor, page Hornaday. Cage him. Stuff him whole and intern him in the museum, and with him that fine ornamental female of his species, Mrs. Oliver Cromwell Field. Who knows? A scientist of a wiser and better age, by merely giving them the once over, may be able to explain to the young of that time just what it was that made 'em act like that.

JEAN ALLISON.

New York, April 17, 1919.

Oil Was for Victory

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Your Mexican correspondent, Mr. L. J. de Bekker, is doing real harm to Americans by his misstatements concerning their relation with General Pelaez. In your issue of April 16, 1919, he refers to Pelaez as—

> "King Pelaez of the Oil Fields, otherwise Villa's trusted lieutenant in Tamaulipas and commander in chief of the armed forces of the oil interests here . . ."

His forces are not the forces of the oil interests. The oil interests have no armed forces. Carranza does not permit any Americans to carry arms in Mexico, even for the purpose of self-protection. In consequence, more than 55,000 of the 75,000 Americans in Mexico have fled for their lives. Scores have been murdered and outraged and the property of thousands has been confiscated. Pelaez did not fall in with the Carranza regime, nor did his friends and neighbors in Tamaulipas. Pelaez gained and held complete physical control of the oil fields at a time when their production was essential to keep the Allied fleets on the seas, and at a time when Carranza was outspokenly pro-German and under willing domination of Germans.

If Pelaez had not retained control of the oil fields history might have been different. Whether your correspondent sympathizes with Carranza's anti-American pro-German and Bolshevic tendencies does not appear, but he is evidently doing all he can by inference and misstatement to reflect upon the good faith and patriotism of Americans, many of whom lost their lives in the oil fields and who remained at their posts in constant fear of death in order that the Allied cause might triumph. If you will investigate the facts you will see how unwarranted and unfair are Mr. de Bekker's statements that the oil men yielded readily to General Pelaez's demands, "maintained Pelaez in rebellion against the Federal government," and thereby got "mixed up in this rotten business."

IRA JEWELL WILLIAMS.

Philadelphia, April 17, 1919.

Zionists at Paris

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The suggestion contained in the statement by Isaac Landman, editor of "The American Hebrew," and published in your issue of this date, to the effect that the activity of the Zionists somehow conspired toward the failure of the peace conference to include Jewish rights in the covenant of the league of nations, finds its inspiration in the general and thoroughgoing opposition on the part of Mr. Landman to Zionism and to the Zionists, and his aptness therefore to use whatever pretext may present itself in order to discredit both the movement and its advocates.

While this suggestion is sinister in what it attempts to accomplish, it is also humorous in so far as the facts are concerned, because the Zionist delegations, both in Paris and in London, took so advanced a position on the Jewish rights question that even on this Mr. Landman and his friends had to assume the position of being the proponents of a minimum programme.

JACOB DE HAAS,
Executive Secretary.

New York, April 17, 1919.

Looking Forward

(From the St. John's, Can., Standard)

A man on an outgoing Boston train drank from a bottle a considerable quantity of a familiar medicinal preparation known as Beef, Iron and Wine. Having disposed of the contents of that bottle he, later on, poured down his throat some Jamaica ginger, which he also produced from his satchel. After passing Fredericton Junction he went to the toilet and mixed with the water half the contents of a four-ounce bottle of lemon extract and drank that. The bottles containing the beef, iron and wine and Jamaica ginger were thrown out of the window.

On reaching McAdam this man was not drunk. He was stupified through the influence of chemicals and drugs, but he was taken off the train, locked up, accused of drunkenness and fined. In his possession was found a partly filled bottle of lemon extract. Lemon extract was blamed for making that man drunk and the Brayley Drug Company, the Barbour Company, or some one or other concern manufacturing this product, is indirecty condemned through the action of the court in imposing such a fine.

In Sackville recently the same thing happened with the exception that the beef, iron and wine was the last dose taken by the individual there involved, and the one found in his possession. Evidence went to show that the individual arrested had taken in addition to beef, iron and wine, a quantity of lemon extract and Jamaica ginger, but because he carried a beef, iron and wine bottle and was stupified through drugs he was convicted of drunkenness and fined, while Wampole's, Nyal's or some of the others are condemned for manufacturing and selling medicine of recognized value.

The Amiable Burleson

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I am sure all your readers will be greatly shocked that you should have printed and given currency to the amazing reference by Congressman Gallivan to the Hon. Albert Sidney Burleson as an "incompetent and brutal Postmaster General." In persecution of this amiable man never to cease? Did you not read recently in a Philadelphia paper the beautiful story of his life—his constant unselfishness and his angelic smile? Have you no respect for a man who has risen to eminence by hard labor—the hard labor of thousands of convicts upon his Texas plantations? Do you not admire generosity as exemplified by Mr. Burleson's act in taking half the earnings of the naughty Postal Telegraph Company and giving them to the good Western Union?

What can you possibly have against Mr. Burleson, except that he has broken down the postal service, demoralized the postal employes, raised telegraph and telephone rates and substituted a care-free inefficiency for the previous efficiency in this service? Are such labors for his country to be rewarded on the one hand by the base ingratitude of telephone employes striking against his beneficent rule and on the other hand by a mere Northern Democratic Congressman giving currency to the fact that such is the real cause of their strike? Is it not very near leze majesty for you to print such harsh words about the good man from Austin, Tex.?

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

New York, April 17, 1919.

Spring Comes in Missouri

(From The Louisiana Press-Journal)

Several signs of spring were visible Tuesday morning. Frank Evick's ice wagon appeared with two horses instead of one and we received a package of garden seed from Champ Clark.

Didn't Mention Which Christmas

(From The Columbia State)

Henry Ford may be right after all when he said "Peace before Christmas."